

## Equal Parts Flour, Water, and Awesome

Rainbow Dash stared at the box in her hooves. This was it. This was the moment she had been preparing for all week. It was now or never, and let no pony ever say that Rainbow Dash, Equestria's most skilled flyer, ever backed down just because something was hard.

"Heat skillet over medium heat and grease lightly with oil. Skillet is ready when drops of water sprinkled onto surface sizzle." She frowned, looking from the instructions on the box to the stove in front of her. It had been hard, but she had finally convinced Pinkie Pie to let her use the kitchen in Sugarcube Corner. Well, maybe hard wasn't the right word, but those cupcakes hadn't been cheap, and hiding them around Ponyville had taken the better part of two hours. Of course, it was important that they be well hidden and set far apart. Pinkie Pie might be a little loopy, but she could find anything and had proven capable of keeping up with Rainbow Dash on more than one occasion.

Rainbow Dash returned her focus to the task at hand.

"Focus Dash, this is no time for distractions! Come on you can do this. You're the best athlete in Ponyville, why shouldn't you be the best cook too?"

Carefully, she reached towards the knob on the stove and turned it to medium. It clicked and fire sprang from the stove top. Careful not to get too close to the flame, she set the skillet on the stove, pouring a small amount of oil into the middle. She was lucky that Pinkie had left most of the stuff she had needed lying around; she didn't relish the idea of trying to make sense of the pink pony's method for pantry organization.

After several minutes she dipped her hoof in a nearby bucket of water that she had prepared in case of an emergency and shook several drops into the pan, a satisfied smile spreading across her face as it sizzled and disappeared.

"All right! Phase one complete! Time to move on to phase two: Batter." She opened the box and poured its contents into a large mixing bowl.

"Combine batter mix and water in mixing bowl. Stir with wire whisk or large spoon until thoroughly mixed. Batter should be slightly lumpy."

Following the instructions, she added water to the mix, careful not to add too much and make the batter runny. Grabbing a large wooden spoon between her teeth, she stuck her head in the bowl and whipped it around vigorously, flecks of batter spraying over her face and mane.

"Okay," she said, removing her batter-smearred face from the mixing bowl, "That looks about right. What's next?"

Grabbing the empty box, Rainbow Dash carefully read the instructions. This part was crucial. The instructions had to be followed to the letter or all of her work up to this point would be for naught. Beads of sweat formed on her brow and she licked her lips, her eyes narrowing in concentration.

“Pour  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a cup of batter into skillet. Cook about one minute on each side or until golden brown.”

She took a deep breath, trying to calm her shaking hooves. Not since the Best Young Flyers competition had she been this nervous. It all came down to this. It was sink or swim. Either she would succeed here or she would go down trying.

Slowly, ever so slowly, she began to pour. The batter hit the center of the skillet and spread out until a disk filled it, leaving a small amount of space around the edges. After a minute the surface began to bubble. Dash grabbed a spatula in her mouth and slowly slid it under her prize. With a sudden twist of her neck she flipped it, landing it perfectly in the center of the skillet.

“Yes!” she cried, pumping her front hooves in the air, “Rainbow Dash you got it all! Awesome flying skills, good looks, and masterful cooking technique! You really are the perfect pony!”

Another minute passed and she carefully slid the spatula back under the now nearly complete pancake. Noting the golden brown color, she picked it up and set it on a nearby plate. She sat back and admired her creation, watching as wisps of steam rose from what was one fine pancake if she did say so herself.

A moment passed, and a contemplative look made its way onto her face.

“You know...” she said thoughtfully, tapping her chin with a hoof, “This pancake is awesome, but I don’t know if it’s Rainbow Dash awesome. I mean, anypony can make a pancake, but I bet I can make a pancake ten times more awesome than anything anypony has ever seen!”

Her face broke into a grin and she peered over her shoulder at the door of the pantry. “I think I just had a perfect idea.”

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Twilight Sparkle gaped at the sight before her. A smoking hole was all that remained of what had once been the kitchen wall of Sugar Cube Corner, scorch marks radiating out across the tiles. Blackened pancake batter had glued itself to the ceiling and walls, and a crater in the

opposite wall indicated where something the approximate size and weight of a pony had impacted at high speed. A crowd had begun to gather outside, curious and frightened ponies craning their necks to try to see inside the building.

“Wha...what is this? I don’t even...what?” She said, trying to get her thoughts organized, “What the hay happened here?!”

“Look, what happened isn’t important. Mistakes were made, pancakes exploded,” Rainbow Dash said, her face stained black. Her normally prismatic fringe was charred and blown back, standing straight up. “What is important is that you help me fix it before Pinkie Pie gets back and finds out I ruined her boss’ kitchen. Now are you gonna stand there gaping or are you gonna help me fix this?”

Twilight shook her head and glared at Rainbow. “Fix it? Fix it?! What the heck do you expect me to do? I can’t just poof it all back to normal you know! Half the pieces of the wall are across town, and the stove is embedded in the side of my tree! How do you expect me to fix this?!” She shouted, shoving her hoof in Rainbow’s chest.

“I don’t know! You’re the magic one! Just hurry up and do something before Pinkie...uh oh.”

Rainbow Dash’s eyes widened as Pinkie Pie bounced into the kitchen through the hole in the wall, seemingly oblivious to the mess.

“Heya Rainbow Dash, how did the cooking go? Oh! Hi Twilight! Did you come to try Rainbow’s cooking? I bet it’s gonna be great!” She said, bouncing up into the air.

“Umm, Pinkie?” Twilight said, gesturing around her.

Pinkie stopped hopping and blinked looking around the destroyed kitchen. She looked up at the mess coating the ceiling and smiled.

“Ooh! Pancake!” she cried and jumped up to the ceiling, taking a bite out of the blackened remains of a pancake, “Mmmm!”

Twilight and Rainbow Dash stared as Pinkie bounced up and down, licking the ceiling clean.

“Rainbow Dash?”

“Yeah Twilight?”

“Remind me never to let you use my house for anything.”

